

# The Hawaiian Star

SECOND SECTION

PAGES 9 TO 12.

HONOLULU, HAWAII. FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1912.

PAGES 9 TO 12.

## HERO OF THE SOUTH--THE MAN WHO "DOES THINGS"---AN IMPRESSION OF AMUNDSEN

By CONRAD C. EITEL.

Have you suffered, starved, and triumphed, Grovelled down, yet grasped at glory, Grown bigger in the bigness of the whole, "Done things" just for doing, letting babblers tell the story, Seeing through the nice veneer the naked soul?

The simple things, the true things, the silent men who "do things." R. W. SERVICE.

"A man capable of carrying out great ideals."

So it was that the great Nansen described Amundsen the other day. Coming from a phlegmatic Scandinavian—one whose writings have shown that he carefully weighs each word and exacts a voucher for its accuracy—this is indeed high praise. And the ice-test of character is as severe as the refining of gold by fire. The world remembers that it was Amundsen who first navigated his little ship, the *Goja*, through the North West Passage, that goal for 500 years of British effort with which the names of Franklin and McClure are ever associated. It is in those dreary, monotonous months of polar darkness, when each man's nervous system, rebelling against unnatural strain, causes him to unmask his inner soul that is presented the rare chance of an X-ray examination of a man's true character. It is then that a man's soul stands forth before his fellows as naked as eventually before the seat of Final Judgment.

Few people know what these ideals are. Amundsen is not likely to tell you. He is the kind of man who starts you by the announcement of actual performance. No boasting of what he will do. No parade. He just does it. Take the way that he has achieved his latest triumph. There was the grudgingly given statement that he intended to enter the lists for this international competition. Then one morning the world woke up to find that this quiet Norwegian had won. And the victor modestly says:—"Oh! It was not difficult—just a sledge ride." That was the way he described it to me. But then he is the same man who said "We killed the dogs and ate them." Just like that. When a canine banquet is treated with such meagre mention one begins to wonder what the sledge ride was like.

His ideals are great. So much for his natural reticence. Whatever his ideals, they are great. Leader of the party which first navigated the North-west Passage, now the discoverer of the South Pole, this enterprising Norwegian is again bound northwards. "For scientific investigation in the Polar Sea." Perhaps. But same morning the world will get another Amundsen bomb.

This Scandinavian "who does things," and does them so startlingly, has been much maligned. Some people have openly expressed annoyance at his intrusion into what has become regarded as a preserve for British explorers. Every Britisher was supposed to be born with a clear title to enter for the South Pole Stakes. But a Scandinavian? No. What did he come doing down here for, any way? Yet the world at large will say that it was an open event and that the best man has won. And there is a touch of romance in the story of how he came to do it—the story as given to me by Amundsen himself.

"I started out," said Amundsen, "with the idea of drifting through the Behring Sea to the other side of the North Polar Ocean. But people are not easily interested in these drifts, which take several years. Funds did not come in readily. But I had made up my mind, and I was determined not to be beaten. Finally I had to do something absolutely rash. I had to start off on this long voyage with what funds I had. How much? Well, this voyage has cost me less than £4000. On the voyage I racked my brains as to how I should proceed. Then the inspiration came. When I had proved myself by reaching the South Pole my country would help me to go north."

To reach the Behring Sea the *Fram* had to go south, and it was from Madeira that the world first heard of Amundsen's change of plans. Even then it was only a hint. "We are going to the Antarctic Continent," was the scanty information given forth.

He called his little ship's company together, and explaining his plans, told them it was necessary before attempting the northern scheme to endeavor to reach the South Pole, and to a man they gave him their loyal support. Thus with Amundsen, the conquering of the South Pole has merely been a means towards an end. But what this end is it will be interesting to watch.

No Doubt of Achievement. Has he reached the South Pole? The scandal and doubt as to the Cook and Peary race for the north is reflected in this question. But one has only to meet Amundsen to scout any idea of dishonesty in regard to the southern victory. Besides, Amundsen placed his charts before Captain Davis, formerly of the Shackleton expedition ship *Aurora*, and the latter says the evidence is irrefutable. "If Dr. Cook had submitted such proof," said the captain, "there would have been no chance to dispute his title to the northern achievement." Why, Amundsen has actually charted quite a large portion of the Antarctic Continent! Every Britisher is sorry Scott did not win the race, but as sportsmen they must admire Amundsen's pluck.

Born just outside Christiania, Amundsen may be said to have been born and bred in the ice. Captain Davis, on the *Aurora*, very aptly summarized the reasons for his success as being courage, experience, and attention to detail. None of the "small things" were neglected. The men gave more care to the dogs than to their own comfort. Everything had to be calculated to a nicety. There was no motor-car, no motor-sledge, no ponies—just the dogs the Norwegians so thoroughly understood. The whole expedition was so simple—consisting of nineteen men, including the crew of the *Fram*. It was so unostentatious, it was so economical.

Aversion to Lionizing.

Like most "men who do things," Amundsen is not fond of being "lionized." He is, however, just the sort of man to appeal to Australians. Democratic to the backbone, he denies an audience to none. Always affable and cheery, he has a sort of reluctant smile, but one feels that—like the man—it is thoroughly genuine. And when you talk business to him he gives his whole attention to it. His face becomes fixedly serious, and his eyes introspective. One can see in this a reflection of the financial worries which are inseparable from ice exploration, and of which he has had full measure. And if further evidence is required that the path of the explorer is not strewn with roses, you have only to look at his wrinkles and his hair; he is fast getting grey, though he is not yet forty. The other day Amundsen signed 200 copies of a polar chart, so that a consumptive home in Hobart could benefit, and in other ways he has shown that he has a soft heart. In physique he is tall and "hard as nails." There is a polish and refinement about him which bespeaks a high education, and, though he speaks English with a markedly foreign accent, Australian audiences will have no difficulty in understanding him. Altogether he impresses you as being a great man—and one whom Australians should delight to honor.

Of Norse Blood.

Norway has since the earliest times produced men of Amundsen's calibre. The Sagas of the ninth and tenth centuries give us a vivid idea of the early Norseman. In 874 one of the fleets of these hardy Norsemen reached Iceland, and soon after the discovery of "White Shirt," or Greenland as it is now known, followed. There is little doubt that Karlafell reached the coast of Labrador in the early part of the 11th century. And it would seem as if Amundsen, embodying the grand northern spirit of energy, had been destined to carry out at the other end of the world the glorious traditions of his countrymen. It is almost with a feeling of regret that we learn that the last of the great earth stories had been told. We felt that the world was smaller. But on reflection we realize that the old order changeth for the new. As knowledge by great effort is acquired, other fields for further effort arise. The craving for knowledge will ever spur men on to efforts such as these, and, although the goal of many explorers, that great white silence around the Pole, ever alluring, ever beckoning, ever receding, has

## BAHA DEDICATES A TEMPLE SITE

CHICAGO, May 1.—Abdul Baha, master of the Bahais and voice of the long dead Bab, this afternoon dedicated the site of Mazrui L'Askar or "the dawning place of the most high," the world center place of manifestation and prayer for Bahalism.

Mounted in a modern taxicab, the seer from ancient Persia arrived at the Wilmette site of the proposed building shortly before one o'clock, after mystifying his followers by unexpected delay. He had been counted on to arrive two hours before and was "lost" between the Plaza hotel and this village.

"The Dawning Place of the Most High," where the Bahais plan to erect a temple, is situated in Linden avenue. It is on a small hill studded with black tree trunks. Here about 300 Bahais from all parts of the world had gathered in a great nine cornered tent.

The taxicab containing the robed figure of the son of Baha'O Llah circled the hill before "the Master" alighted. He strode at once into the tent and stood in the center of his believers. He wore the creamy robe and fez that have garbed him almost all of his time in Chicago.

"I call our new temple the God Willing," said the Persian through his interpreter, Amer Fared, "We must build it within that circle—symbolizing the universal embrace of the teaching of Baha'O Llah. The building itself may have nine angles, nine entrances and nine gardens."

"See what a beautiful bouquet it will be!" The Persian broke off when he noticed one of those in the crowd shiver. "I'm afraid you are cold," he said. "We're not!" called back several members of the crowd.

"Then you are denizens of Chicago," smiled the Persian leader. Following the address the disciple of peace walked to a spot near the tent, and in the center of the temple site. Here he turned over a spadeful of earth and was followed by delegates from South Africa, India, Germany, France and China. In the crowd was also one who professed being a believer in the teachings of Zoroaster. As the earth was turned those in the audience sang:

"May we now receive His spirit, And its radiance shed afar. Now and here in love abiding, In the realm of El-Ab-Ha."

The ceremony through, the crowds formed two lines from the tent to the awaiting taxicab. Abdul Baha moved down the lane and stepped into the machine. A moment later his creamy fez was nodding farewell.

## ANOTHER BOUQUET

FOR PHILIP HALL

Willows, Cal., Journal, May 2.—Philip C. Hall, the Hawaiian singer assisted by Miss Georgie Germain will give a concert at the Christian church next Monday night for the benefit of the church. Mr. Hall, who was born in Honolulu, is a very noted singer. He has been soloist in several of the important churches at San Francisco and Oakland since coming to America. He will sing concert songs of a high order. He has an exceedingly rich tenor voice. Miss Germain will be his accompanist and will probably give a piano solo.

Mr. Hall will sing one or more Hawaiian songs.

INFANTRY FOR HONOLULU.

PORTLAND, Ore., May 2.—Swarming with 1400 troops and 220 passengers and officers, the United States army transport *Sherman* is at her dock and at nine o'clock tomorrow will swing down the Willamette with her nose pointed for Honolulu, Guam and the Philippines. In command of its officers, the 953 enlisted men of the First Infantry marched aboard the transport this afternoon, followed by an admiring throng from Vancouver, Wash., and Portland friends, who were on hand to bid farewell to the historic regiment.

Now been reached, there will be only a momentary pause. The hero of this latest effort is already planning fresh enterprises. He has set an example which will sound the call, "Wake up!" in every land—and not least in our own.—Sydney Daily News.

A three-line "want ad." in the "Classified" page of *The Star* will cost only 90 cents a week. Can you beat it?

## MRS. AVA WILLING ASTOR, WHO IS IN THIS COUNTRY TO LOOK AFTER HER DAUGHTER'S INTEREST IN ESTATE



NEW YORK, May 4.—Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, who divorced the late Colonel John Jacob Astor three years ago, came from England with her ten-year-old daughter, Muriel, immediately upon learning of Colonel Astor's death. She is in seclusion at the Ritz-Carlton hotel. Mrs. Astor, it is understood, will not remain in this country. The principal object of her presence is to look after the interests of Miss Muriel, who is an heir under the will of Colonel Astor.

## HISTORY OF AN ISLAND

Founded on Personal Experience.

By CAPTAIN R. W. NYE.

N. E. by N. 1/4 N. Magnetic, distance 420 miles from N. E. point of the Island of Albermarle and S. W. by W. from Panama as the crow flies, distance 495 miles, lies an island.

Let some of the navigators that read this little article tell those who ask them its exact latitude and longitude and give its name.

I have been there many times but not for the purpose of seeking what they say is buried there. There have been fortunes spent in fitting out expeditions, but as far as my knowledge extends not one has been successful as yet, and I have watched it pretty closely from 1870 up to 1902.

It belongs to the little republic of Costa Rica. Up to the year 1880 from the latter part of the sixties it was a convict settlement. In the year 1880 the convicts were all transferred to the Island of San Lucas in the Gulf of Nicoya twenty miles above the town of Puenta Arenas, where all of the Pacific Mail steamers call on the Panama run to and from San Francisco.

In the year 1874 I had occasion to call there as my men were down with the scurvy and it was the only land I could get to in time to save them. I had been cruising on the off shore grounds for sperm whales for six months and was picking up quite a good season's work, and through hanging on for another 100 of oil barrel the winds fell light and hauled well to the eastward, so that I could not fetch the Galapagos Islands and getting down into the doldrums swamp hole, as I call it, there, where it is nothing but squally weather, I barely fetched this island.

My crew would drink nothing but rain water and as there were fish in abundance they almost lived on them.

Twenty days previous to arriving at the island this terrible disease broke out and the consequence was, when I dropped my mudhook in the bay, I had fourteen cases of the worst scurvy that ever was on shipboard. I went on shore and saw the governor of the island, Don Ramon Pecheca, and got from him permission to let my crew come on shore. There was at that time lots of fruit and vegetables. For the worst cases I had holes dug in the ground and put them in with their heads out and then filled in with loose dirt.

Lord, how, those poor devils did yell but 'twas the only remedy to save their lives or limbs. Four hours a day for one solid week I performed this operation and at the end of two weeks I had my crew in as fine a condition as when I left the home port eleven months previous. I recruited ship and got my fresh water casks filled up. I think its one of the finest watering places in the world and the best of water.

Capt. John Lyner was there in 1879 in the Chilean whaler *Virginia Marks*. The convicts made a break and tried to seize the ship, but cutting spades, boarding knives and whale lances are good weapons to repel boarders, so the attempt was a failure. Several of the convicts were killed in the fracas. I remember one poor devil that attempted to raise a mutiny against the governor. He had been chained to a tree with only a breech cloth for three years. His body was covered with hair. How he stood the exposure I don't know. He looked more like an animal than a human being. No shelter, from rain and hot sun; no protection whatsoever, did he have. Such was the example made of an agitator. It kept the rest subdued.

(Continued on page ten.)

## BLANCHARD WILL HOLD EXHIBIT IN PURE ICECREAM CAMPAIGN

Residents of the territory who "just dote on ice-cream," know will have an opportunity to go as far as they like in the near future if Food Commissioner Blanchard's plans do not miscarry. For Commissioner Blanchard is going to hold a public ice-cream exhibit at which microbed ice-cream, ice-cream still inhabited by microbes, ice-cream containing 14 per cent butter-fat, ice-cream containing more than 14 per cent and ice-cream containing much less will be exhibited.

Samples of every kind made in Honolulu and on the other islands will be placed on free exhibition in a designated place and all over a certain age-limit will be invited to eat samples of every kind.

Plans are being formulated by the food inspection department now for the exhibit, which will be held some time before the legislature convenes—perhaps next month.

In announcing the exhibit, the food commissioner wishes to have it distinctly understood that he is not going to open a free ice-cream parlor or anything of the sort, but that the idea of holding the exhibit is to settle a long fought-out controversy as to just how much butter-fat should be contained in ice-cream—whether the people think that the present stipulated percentage of fourteen is too much or too little.

"When we started our campaign against bad ice-cream conditions but fall—principally against the dealers whose ice-cream was not up to the standard in percentage of butter-fat contained therein, the hue and cry was raised by the dealers that fourteen per cent was too much and that the people did not like their ice-cream so rich," said Mr. Blanchard this morning.

"These same dealers at the next meeting of the legislature will doubtless attempt to have the standard of butter-fat reduced on the plea that their customers do not want their ice-cream so rich."

"To settle this question, I am planning to hold an exhibit of all kinds of ice-cream including that product that is below the standard in percentage of butter-fat and also that which is the standard product."

"This exhibit will be held before legislature time and consequently, when it comes time to settle the question, the people will know what they really want."

"It is not that the ice-cream containing too little butter-fat is harmful, but it is the idea of misrepresentation."

COLONEL VS. CLARK, PROPHECY.

TOPEKA, Kas., May 4.—"Theodore Roosevelt will be the republican and Champ Clark the democratic nominee for president this year, and Champ Clark will be elected."

That is the prophecy made today by Mrs. Jerry Simpson, widow of the former 7th district congressman. Mrs. Simpson is a spiritualist, and relates several recent talks with the spirit of her husband.

"It was at Wichita, only a short time ago, that I talked with Jerry about politics," Mrs. Simpson said today. "He said he took the same interest in politics that he had always taken."

"Who will be named by the republicans?" I asked him.

"Theodore Roosevelt," he replied.

"Who do the democrats?"

"Champ Clark."

"Who will be elected?"

"Champ Clark. I am for him. Doing all I can for him, and he will be elected."

MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.

When your shoulder is so lame that every movement of your arm pains you, severely you may know that you have muscular rheumatism. Prompt relief may be had by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm and massaging the affected parts with the palm of the hand at each application. Do not use your arm any more than is necessary for a day or two as every movement tends to aggravate the disease. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Agents for Hawaii.

IMPOLITE.

"Why wouldn't you put out your tongue for the doctor this morning, Karl?"

"Oh, Emmy, I couldn't. I don't know him well enough."—Flegende Blatter.

tation in selling a product named ice-cream when it is nothing more than diluted condensed milk frozen.

"Shaved ice is harmless enough but a dealer has no right to sell it as ice-cream and charge an ice-cream price for it. That is the idea of regulating a butter-fat percentage so that customers will know they are getting what they have asked for."

"Present conditions of ice-cream are pretty poor. Sanitary conditions are all right but the product is hopelessly adulterated and comes below the standard in many ways."

Three cases were found yesterday afternoon by Food Commissioner Blanchard where the dealers implicated had used as little as 6 per cent butter-fat in composition of their ice-cream. In each instance, the dealer was an oriental and carrier on business in the white business district.

One of these cases was that of a Chinese whose case was carried to the supreme court as the result of the ice-cream investigation last summer but was later dropped.

Food Commissioner Blanchard had no sooner purchased ten cents' worth of the product from the boy at the fountain when the owner came hurrying forward, protesting that he did not sell ice-cream.

"It is frozen milk I sell," he repeated again and again, but the food inspector pointed to the sign outside the door which read "Ice Cream."

The three dealers will be prosecuted immediately, for violating the law regarding ice-cream.

## NEW YORK'S BIG SUFFRAGE PARADE

NEW YORK, May 4.—The weather man provided a warm sun and a cloudless sky today for the biggest woman's suffrage demonstration in the history of New York. For nearly a year preparations for the great parade have been under way and there was little for Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch and her assistants to do today except to marshal the various divisions of their forces for the parade at 5 p. m. and the mass meeting in Carnegie hall at 6.

Fifteen thousand women—and men, too—who had asked for places in the parade, received a last word of exhortation from Mrs. Blatch during the morning. "Remember," she said, through a printed card with which each parader was provided, "you march for the mightiest reform the world has ever seen. The orderly appearance of our procession depends upon each individual marcher. The procession will start at 5 o'clock and not one minute later. Remember, the public will judge illogically, of course, but not less strictly, your qualifications as a voter by your promptness."

Men marchers, a host which Mrs. Blatch thought might reach 3000 in number, were disappointed to learn that Col. Roosevelt had declined the invitation to lead their division. The colonel explained that he had several important engagements in Maryland and therefore would not be able to accept. His place was taken by R. C. Reagle, secretary of the Men's league for woman's suffrage.

The program of the parade provided for a procession made up of eleven divisions, led by an equestrian squad of 100 riders, a band and a company of outdoor suffragist orators, each carrying her little green platform slung like a knapsack across her shoulder. The eleventh division bringing up the rear of the parade, was assigned to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's organization of department store clerks, preceded by the newly organized baby carriage brigade. In order that Mrs. Belmont's followers might feel no hesitation at appearing in their workaday clothes, she announced that she would wear a white suit, "three years old" and one of the 39 cent parade hats, which were officially selected by the suffragette leaders a few weeks ago.

The tenth division, which comprised the regular members of the woman's suffrage party, hired a dozen brass bands for their section of the parade and provided each member with a yellow pennant and a tiny yellow electric torch.